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POEMS

—

BY ELIZABETH SHERVIN



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LOS ANGELES

POEMS.

BY ELIZABETH SHERWIN.

APRIL, 1851.

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PREFACE.

IT IS WITH CONSIDERABLE DIFFIDENCE THAT I OFFER THE
PRESENT VOLUME FOR PUBLICATION; BUT, AS IT HAS BEEN PREPARED
FOR THE PRESS AT A TIME WHEN MY MIND WAS LABOURING UNDER A
SERIES OF BEREAVEMENTS, I TRUST MY FRIENDS WILL JUDGE ME
FAVOURABLY.

THE AUTHOR.

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POEMS.

TO APRIL.

Sweet April, I hail thee with purest delight !
Thy breezes, thy sunshine, thy showers ;
Thy buds which burst forth on the wondering sight,
Thy leaves and thy gay springing flowers.

At thy joyous approaching all nature revives,
The birds sing on every tree ;
The honey bees buzzing come forth from their hives,
And the skylark mounts upward with glee.

White daisies appear and enamel the ground ;
The blue hyacinth tinges the plain :
Each scene beams with hope, all is shining around,
And the thrush sings his liveliest strain.

Then hail to thee season of gay smiling loves ;
May thy days no calamities bring :—
But all England's children rejoice with her groves,
And cheerfully welcome her spring.

MORTALITY.

The morn arose, the air was calm and mild,
All nature bloomed and in soft beauty smiled ;
When young Mortality awaking rose
Fresh from creation's bed—and left repose.
She wandered forth—a careless sprightly maid—
And in the world's wide garden gaily strayed.

All, all was charming then,—the clear blue sky
Unclouded smiled and pleased her youthful eye.
The flowers were fresh, and shed perfume around,
And with their varied hues bedecked the ground :
The sparkling dewdrop trembled on the thorn,
And dulcet strains were on the breezes borne.

On, on she smiling tripped from flower to flower,
And bathed in pleasure's stream, or sought her bower,
Unconscious that the future hours were rife
With toil and care, and bitterness, and strife.

The day advanced, the flowers began to fade,
The parching sun drove her to seek the shade ;
Clouds gathered round, and hid the azure sky ;
Storms swept along, and changes flitted by.
Thorns now she saw were hid beneath the flowers,
And coiling snakes lay sleeping in the bowers.
Love—Hate—Hope—Fear—Joy—Grief—Despair,
Alternately her bosom rack and tear.

Noon waned apace, young Joy pined and expired.
 Gay hope grew sick, and airy Fancy tired ;
 And, crushed by time's unflinching hand, the maid
 Began to languish—wither—droop and fade.

Chill evening came and found the roses gone,
 The birds all silent,—morning's beauty flown,
 And poor Mortality, in pitious plight,
 Viewing dismayed the coming shades of night.
 Her cheek was blanched—her sparkling eyes grown dim—
 Her hair was grey, and faltering every limb ;
 Friends had departed—all she loved had fled—
 Each scene had faded—Hope herself seemed dead ;
 When, by compassion moved—with pitying eye
 Her great creator, bending from on high,
 Sent from his throne of grace the soothing aid
 Of kind religion—pure angelic maid,
 Whose healing balm soon soothed her broken heart,
 And Hope reviving reassumed her part,
 And, smiling, pointed to that world of day
 Where darkness never comes—where light bears sway ;
 While Faith, unflinching, led the thorny way. }
 And as the night of life was closing round,
 A glittering cross illumed the gloom profound ;
 While fearful Death, of his sharp sting bereft,—
 His terrors gone—his comforts only left—
 Stalked forth,—and with his stern attendant, Fate,
 Flung wide the portals of life's last dark gate ;
 And Hope—and Faith—and Charity—and Love,
 Bore the lorn maiden to the realms above.

EARLY PRAYER.

Oh, teach the little child to pray,
E'er sin polute its opening mind :
In sweet religion's gentle sway,
T'will balm for sin and sorrow find.

Oh, fill its soul with precepts sound,
Of true morality and love,
And teach it where true joys are found,
And fix its hopes on things above.

Then will it walk life's thorny road
Unscathed by guilt's corrupting power ;
Unhurt by pleasure's maddening goad,
Safe in temptation's trying hour.

When plodding through this world of care,
And when despair and anguish lower,
Remembrance of the early prayer
Steals o'er the heart with unknown power,

And oft' arrests the wild career,
Pursued in pleasure's thrilling thought ;
A firm but gentle reign is there,
The prayer by tender mother taught.

Then teach the little child to pray,
E'er sin polute its opening mind,
In calm religion's gentle sway,
'Twill balm for sin and sorrow find.

THE THUNDER STORM.

E'er morning dawned I bent my wandering steps
 To yonder rising hill, and gained its summit ;
 And thence, assisted by the approaching light,
 With transport I beheld the beauteous earth,
 Clothed in the gay luxurient garb of summer ;
 And high above, the glorious vault of heaven
 Far as my ravished eyes could stretch their sight.

The first awaking beams of rosy morn
 Were gently stealing through the eastern sky,
 And tinging with faint beams the scattered clouds ;
 Till deeper dyed, and richly edged with gold,
 They, gently opening, by degrees displayed
 The glorious rising sun. Transfixed I stood
 Intently gazing on the beauteous scene,
 Until a voice, in gentle accents, stole
 Upon my ear,—and soon three lovely forms
 My wandering eyes arrested ;—one, a female
 Clad in the doleful garb of widowhood.
 Though young and lovely, on her features dwelt
 A look of sadness ; but mild resignation
 Gave to her pallid cheek, though sad—a smile.
 A blooming child hung fondly on each arm—
 A boy and girl, emblems of innocence,
 Of health and happiness. A starting tear
 Fell from the mother's eye whilst thus she spoke :—
 “ My dearest children let us here repose
 “ Our wearied limbs, and with meek gratitude

"To him, the ever good, who gave us life,"
 "Admire the scenes which his all-bounteous hand
 "Hath spread before us. Blessed be his name!"

"Yon village church, whose humble roof is seen
 "Through the rich foliage of the trees around,
 "Incloses, all the earth held dear to me,
 "Save you,—the best of men, your sainted father;
 "Be it ever yours to live as he has lived,
 "To follow his example, and to trace
 "His footsteps to eternal happiness.
 "Oh, never will remembrance lose the sight
 "Of those last looks, the sound of those last words,
 "Which thus with faltering voice he gently breathed:—
 'Father of mercy, to thy care I trust
 "'My orphan children and my widowed wife!'
 "He ceased—and, struggling with the pangs of death,
 "He looked—he clasped—I can no more—he **DIED!**"

Here ceased the mourner, overwhelmed with tears
 Of bitter grief. The children sobbed aloud,
 And I, unconscious what I did, wept too,
 Shedding fond tears of sympathizing sorrow.

Long in this doleful reverie we remained,
 Till roused at length as from a dream, we saw,
 With wild astonishment, the azure sky,
 But late so calm and beautifully clear,
 O'ercast with clouds: the sunbeams had withdrawn,
 And nature wore a face of gloominess,
 Speaking, with signs of fear, a **THUNDER-STORM.**

A fearful consternation reign around ;
 All viewed with silent dread heaven's angry brow ;
 And naught save the affrighted screech-owl's note
 Was heard amid the calm, the death-like quiet.
 The trembling flocks, impelled by shrinking fear,
 Sought shelter 'neath the branches of the trees ;
 The birds, scared from their nests, flew swiftly on
 To where a straggling sunbeam lingered still,
 Still unextinguished. We alone remained
 Unsheltered ; knowing his almighty hand
 Who rules the thunder could as well protect
 Us here as in the deepest dungeon cave.

Faintly at first the thunder's voice was heard
 In distant murmur ; and the pale lightning
 Shot through the gathered clouds far in the west.
 Nearer and nearer came the dreaded storm ;
 Louder and louder grew the clashing peals,
 And brighter flashed the lightning's forked fire !
 What mortal pencil could portray the scene
 At this dread moment ? Frantic now with fear,
 The widow clasped her children to her bosom,
 Imploring heaven to shield them from the storm.
 Meanwhile, in quick succession shot each flash
 Of vivid fire from out the bursting clouds,
 Rolling the thunder's deaf'ning peals around.
 One dreadful flash of blue electric flame
 Struck the ill-fated spot whereon we stood,
 Tearing the children from the mother's arms,
 And the uprooted earth beneath our feet.
 For some short space of time my eyes were closed

Upon the passing scene ; I knew no more
 Until my slumbering senses slowly woke,
 When, lo ! the scene was changed,—the storm was past ;
 A sight the most appalling met my eyes :
 Near me, upon the mountain's broken side,
 In death's most frightful form, lay cold and stiff,
 The two sweet smiling cherubs who so late
 With wonder and delight gazed on the sky,
 And fearlessly surveyed th' approaching storm,
 Unconscious of their doom ; and near them lay
 In death-like slumber, but with open eyes,
 Glazed, and in frightful wild convulsive stare
 Fixed on the torn dismembered corpses,—
 The widow, thus bereft of every hope,
 Thus torn from all her earthly happiness.

With trembling arms I raised her from the ground,
 And gently bore her from the scene of death.
 Long did this lethargic, this heavy sleep,
 Cast over all her woes a kindly veil
 Of deep forgetfulness. She neither spoke nor moved,
 But senseless lay till midnight hour came on,
 When, as the clock told twelve she started up,
 And, as awaking from a dream, she cried—
 “Where are my children ?” Then, as if a beam
 Of recollection darted o'er her mind,
 She said—“Did we not leave them on the mountain !
 Oh, where ! where are they ? My dear lost children !
 “Ah ! there they are,—I see them smiling now !
 They beckon me, and I must go.” Again
 She sank upon her pillow,—not as erst
 To rise again ; but surer came the sleep
 Closing her eyes upon the world for ever.

TO PIETY.

Hail, gentle piety ! pure spirit, hail !
Divine preceptor of the christian's life,
Companion of the good, guide of the blest :
Appointed by the God of boundless nature.
Touched by thy golden wand each passion dies ;
Fierce anger—deadly hatred—enviousness—
Pride—scorn—deceit—and all the evil train
That dim the mind and mar th' immortal soul.
Morality and virtue mark thy path ;
Truth is thy compass, which unerring points
To other worlds,—to life and bliss eternal.

The human mind, though clogged with mortal clay,
Borne on thy lofty pinions, mounts above
This transitory spot, with airy thought
Traversing worlds unknown ; and, free as light,
Revels in boundless space,—enjoying scenes
Of perfect bliss in bright futurity.

Oh, Piety ! pure spirit—ever kind,—
Guide every action of my fleeting life,
And, when the task of living shall be o'er,
Bring to my soul, in bright reality,
The scenes which, through thy aid, I long have viewed.

“AND LET US NOT BE WEARY IN WELL-DOING ; FOR IN DUE
SEASON WE SHALL REAP, IF WE FAINT NOT.”—GAL.
VI. CHAP., 9 VER.

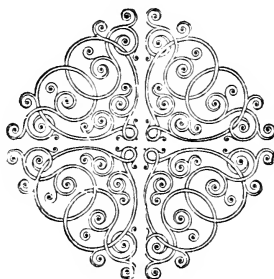
Oh, ye who toil and labour hard for good,
And strive to make the gospel understood,
Although no grateful thanks yet crown your care,
Nor fruit for all your well sown seeds appear ;
Still faint not, but toil on,—nor fear,—
Flowers may spring up your rugged path to cheer.
Oh, faint not ! Think how much must yet be done,—
Redemption’s labour scarcely is begun.
A well sown seed within the ground may lie,
Long unobserved by every passer by :
O’er it a thousand careless feet may tread,
And it may be, to all appearance, dead :
Chill frosts will come, and harden all the ground,
And snow-flakes whiten every thing around ;
Yet spring appears, and genial sun, and showers
Relax the earth and bring forth blooming flowers.
The little seed, which all had thought was dead,
Will struggle forth, and raise its tender head ;
And ’neath the genial influence of spring,
A plenteous stock of fruit and flowers will bring.
Then be not weary in well-doing ;—still
Toil on, and every task of life fulfil,
With purpose steadfast, and a virtuous aim,
Unheedful of the world’s applause or fame.
Toil on and faint not,—though it may be hard ;
Our deeds,—or good or bad,—will meet reward.
With whatsoever grain we sow our field,
It will, in time, a certain harvest yield.

A TEACHER'S ADDRESS TO HER PUPILS.

Dear children,—objects of my daily care ;
My nightly dreams, and my continual prayer,—
A moment from your daily studies lend,
And hear the counsel of an ardent friend.

First “know yourselves,” all your defects discern,
Reject not honest praise, but flattery spurn.
In all things strictly keep God's holy law,
And daily precepts from the scriptures draw.
Strain every nerve for knowledge, day by day,
But on religion the foundation lay.
Remember,—talents to your care were given,
That, by their culture, you may merit heaven.
Remember, also, that no bliss can last ;
That joy and sorrow both will soon be past.
And keep them still within that narrow bound
Where true delights are only to be found.
Let no vain terrors scare you from your trust ;
Be nobly firm ;—be gentle ;—but be just.
Scorn all such weakness as our sex degrades,
Nor seek a joy that others right invades.
Be meek ;—be humble ;—yet too proud to bend
To aught that's mean ;—and be to truth a friend.
Let purest virtue all your actions guard,
And be for all the ills of prepared.
Enjoy its blessings with a grateful heart,
And, what you can, to others wants impart :

O'er all their failings kindly draw a veil ;
Hide all their faults, and for their sorrows feel.
Severity should ne'er your hearts invade,
Nor passion's angry storms your sex degrade.
Yet still be firm ;—still on yourselves depend,
And, next to God, be each your own best friend.
Be gentle—mild ;—be steady, true, and just,—
Nor too confiding, nor afraid to trust.
Your parents honour, love, attend, obey ;
Regard their counsel, and their care repay.
Respect yourselves, God's holy laws fulfil,—
So shall you live blest and contented still ;
And ever find, till life shall have an end,
In God a father, and in man a friend.



THE SISTERS.

Poor Jane Howard! She was but sixteen when she lost her only remaining parent, a widow, who had during life enjoyed a small annuity.

Jane had an only sister, some three years younger than herself, and their dying mother had enjoined her to look well to Marrion, for she was a gentle child, beautiful, but delicately framed.

They had no friends left who were able and willing to assist them.

All their earthly property was disposed of in order to bury their parent, and a kind neighbour offered a temporary shelter, which they accepted thankfully, and thought themselves happy when they were engaged to sew for a clothing establishment in a neighbouring town.

Thither they repaired and hired a lodging; one room, which contained a couch that served them for a bed, four chairs, one table, and a few other trifling articles.

Here they commenced that life of sedentary labour which soon, happily for them, terminated in the grave.

Their joint exertions, strenuously exercised, could not procure them more than five shillings in a week; and often much less than that was all they could earn for labouring fourteen or fifteen hours each day during the six.

I knew them well, and my heart has often bled to witness their daily struggles with those ruthless destroyers, incessant toil and grinding poverty. Yet, both had sylph-like forms, exquisitely moulded; beautiful features, with

complexions clear, and cheeks of a soft light vermilion. They had been well educated in childhood, and a natural refinement seemed to regulate their every movement.

It was charming to witness the affection of these two sisters. Not a murmur escaped them, and they appeared to have no fear or anxiety but for each other. But it was plain earth was not destined long to be the resting place of either.

Marrión sickened—drooped—and died !

Who can picture the distress of the bereaved one ? Not they who, when one loved being departs, have others left to live for, and share that spark of high divinity in our nature, the heart's affection ! They only can imagine who have *one*—one only dear friend, and lose that one.

Poor Jane ! In the first burst of grief, which lasted for a day and a night, nothing could induce her to leave the corpse. A thousand times she kissed the marble cheek,—beautiful even in death ; but no word escaped her.

On the second morning she appeared to rouse, and a look of calm resignation was on her countenance. She knew that her sister's remains must be buried, and felt that she possessed not the means of procuring even a shroud.

Truth, however painful, must be told. Jane was advised by a neighbouring old woman, who had herself lost all in life but her natural kindness of heart, to make application to the parish ; and she offered to accompany her to the relieving officer.

Quietly she acquiesced, grateful to her friendly adviser. In three days her case was laid before the proper authorities, and on the fourth a coffin was brought by four poor men, who were instructed to perform all the necessary

preliminaries for interment, and then to convey the body to the parish burial ground.

The solitary Jane insisted on accompanying her sister's remains to the grave. "No," said she, "Marrion shall not go unmourned. In life she loved me dearly, and I will not leave her until I have seen her decently laid in her last resting place." And she followed, accompanied by the kind old neighbour. But it was too much for her. At the close of the sad ceremony she fainted, and was borne senseless to her forlorn home.

I saw her often during the three succeeding days, and on the evening of the last she appeared more cheerful than usual. Her cheek was flushed and her eye was unusually bright.

She spoke of her sister calmly, and told me how happy they had often been after leaving church on Sundays, when walking in the green fields; and that Marrion would sometimes wonder if heaven were like green fields, all covered with flowers, and flooded with sunshine; and observe how happy we should be when there. "I dreamt of her last night," said she, "and she appeared to be standing in the midst of a beautiful garden, surrounded with angelic forms—who beckoned me towards them. The happy expression of her countenance is before me still, but in my effort to join her I awoke."

That night Jane bade me adieu very affectionately. She then lay down, and I left her on her little couch in a gentle sleep. The next morning she was a corpse.

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One grave encloses the remains of the two sisters. No

stone marks the spot. but a little green mound is still visible in the parish burial-ground of D——.

JANE'S SOLILOQUY TO HER SISTER.

Hush ! no, I cannot hear a breath ;
Her sleep—how like the sleep of death.
Fatigued, at length she sinks to rest,
Her weary head drooped on her breast.

Come, let me gently lay thee down
On this our bed, though not of down :
Whilst I my midnight watch will keep,
Well pleased thou canst not see me weep.

Soft be thy slumber—light and mild,
Sweet sister Marrion, gentle child.
Alone within this wide world left,
Of every other friend bereft,
Thou'rt all on earth now left to me,
And I am all, dear child, to thee.

Oh, how I love thee, fated one !
My sick heart aches for thee alone.
I grieve to see thy form so fair,
For want of exercise and air,
Drooping and languishing each day,
Sickening with premature decay ;
And though I toil with all my power,
From early morn to midnight hour,

With trembling hands and fevered head,
I scarce can give thee daily bread.
Of earthly joys which poets sing,—
The bliss of life's first opening spring,
Thou ne'er hast known. Thy joyless days
Have ne'er been cheered by childish plays ;
And cares which childhood should not know
Have charged thy earliest hours with woe,
Which steals away thy life's first bloom,
And soon will bring thee to the tomb.
How many bitter tears I shed
Beside thy hard, uneasy bed !
And when death's hand has eased thy pain,
No other wish shall I retain,
Than that my call may soon be given,
To join thy guiltless soul in heaven.



“BUT THE WISDOM THAT IS FROM ABOVE IS FIRST PURE, THEN PEACEABLE, GENTLE, AND EASY TO BE ENTREATED, FULL OF MERCY AND GOOD FRUITS, WITHOUT PARTIALITY AND WITHOUT HYPOCRISY.”—JAMES, III. CHAP., 17 VERSE.

Oh, give me wisdom from above,
 Whence freely and unceasing flows
 The stream of universal love,
 Whence every grace and virtue grows :
 That wisdom which can power impart,
 To clear the head and calm the heart.

Oh, give me that pure knowledge, Lord,
 Which makes me know myself aright ;
 And when I search thy sacred word,
 Imbue my mind with heavenly light :
 Give me that spirit undefined,
 Which makes me love all human kind.

Oh, give me wisdom true, divine,
 Which scorns hypocrisy and art ;
 Which does to smiling peace incline,
 And purest principles impart ;
 Which calmly views earth's ties all riven,
 And fixes every hope on heaven.

TO A WEEPING FRIEND.

Friend of my early days, O tell me why
That look of anguish lingers on thine eye ?
Why sits that heavy cloud upon thy brow,
And why is grief thy bosom rending now ?

Why dost thou weep, and why art thou so sad,
When all around is smiling—all is glad ?
Oh ! hast thou watched thy brightest hopes decay ?
Gay visions fade and melt in air away ?
All that thy soul so fondly clung to here,
Snatched from thy trembling grasp and disappear ?
Or hast thou struggled hard with keen distress,
Of which thy features bear the deep impress ?
Still struggle on. With dauntless courage bear.
Of sorrow thou canst only have thy share.
A watchful Providence is ever near,
Thy weary, sinking soul to sooth and cheer,
Whose boundless knowledge marks the sparrow's fall,
A gracious God, who careth for us all.

LINES ON THE APPROACH OF DEATH.

I know that I must die : the hour
 Comes stealing on with solemn pace ;
 Armed with a firm, resistless power,
 Grim death unmask his hideous face.

The darkness of the grave's long night
 Grows deeper still as time steals by,
 And fills my trembling soul with fright,—
 I feel how awful 'tis to die.

But through this fearful heavy gloom,
 A cheering ray of light I see,
 Which shews, beyond the dreaded tomb,
 Life, peace, and immortality.



LINES.

Oh ! do not ask me for a song ;
 My broken heart cannot obey ;—
 My faltering voice untuned so long,
 Can only chaunt a doleful lay.

For sorrow's hand hath broke my lyre,
 And shivered every tuneful string :
 No more will mirth its strains inspire,
 I cannot—cannot bear to sing.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

(ORIGINALLY WRITTEN FOR A "TEMPERANCE JOURNAL.")

'Tis midnight ! and the heavy hours roll on
With tardy course, with lingering lazy wing,
And wearied man to seek repose is gone,
To sooth in sleep the wounds of sorrow's sting.

Forlorn and solitary here I sit,
Beside my desolated hearth alone ;
Dark thoughts across my tortured fancy flit,
And joy hath fled,—nay, even hope is gone.

Why comes he not ! my own, my trusted one,
Round whom my heart's affections fondly twine ?
Why does he leave me thus unheard to mourn,
And watch, with anguished heart, night's slow decline ?

Retentive memory wandering to the past,—
Brings back the days when first my youthful heart
Felt that affection which through life must last,
And only with its latest throb depart.

'Twas then I vowed to share his joy and woe,
And he to bear with me the ills of life,
To be my friend and guardian here below,
And I to be his ever faithful wife.

Yes! and my marriage vow I've truly kept,
 And through the many changes we have known,
 When I have laughed in glee, in anguish wept,
 Both smiles and tears were ever all his own.

But when the labours of the day are done,
 From home and me he spends his hours of joy ;
 Whilst I in bitter anguish weep alone,
 And count the tardy moment rolling by.

With anxious ear I list to every sound,
 And my heart flutters at each tone I hear ;
 Until some distant clock, with toll profound,
 Proclaims the first dim hour of morning near.

At length he reeling comes, with maddened brain,
 Whilst I, absorbed in sorrow, pale with woe,
 Hear with a shudder the wild curse profane,
 Or trembling, shrink beneath the unmanly blow.

Oh! when will all this bitter grief be o'er?
 When will my broken spirit be at rest?
 When shall my eyes be dried to weep no more?
 Oh! when shall peace possess my tortured breast?

Not until death his welcome aid shall lend,
 And end at once my sorrows and my life ;
 No earthly power can with success befriend
 The poor unhappy wretch, a DRUNKARD'S WIFE !

LINES ON VISITING OVERBURY WOOD, NEAR
BREDON, WORCESTERSHIRE.

Enchanting spot! Sweet Paradise of earth!
Here, wrapped in sweet seclusion, could I dwell
Unseen, unenvied and unknown,
In boundless admiration of thy scenes,
Which, to the fond admiring eye, present
A gay variety of beauty, ever new.

The lofty oak with spreading branches forms
A cool impenetrable shade,—alike
Resisting chilling blasts and scorching rays.
In its protecting shelter, blooming sweet,
The primrose mild, and lovely violet blow,
And all the gay variety of wild flowers.
The birds in fearless rapture warble forth
Their wild harmonious music,—charming all.
And thou, sweet stream, whose limpid waters roll
In gentle murmurs o'er the moss-grown pebbles,
Casting a dewy freshness over each
Surrounding flower and shrub: still will I watch
Your sacred winding course, until ye reach
The middle of the grove to rest awhile.

Behold the spot! Sacred to heavenly love.
Enchanting! Beautiful! Here could I sit,
Beside this quiet lake of resting waters,
Which reflects the clear blue vault of heaven,

And muse untired. Oh ! if on human life
 Immortal spirits do attend and watch
 Unseen, the erring steps of mortal man,
 Here in this sacred spot they sure must rest.
 Could I but shake the mist from off my eyes
 And now behold them in this lovely shade :
 I could imagine it were Paradise !
 But oh ! vain wish : each bond has long been burst
 By man's transgressions—that spiritual
 And mortal beings, bound in friendly intercourse,
 Sad thought,—Death and the grave alone can now
 Effect our union with angels, and conduct
 Our souls to never-ending Paradise.



“A SOFT ANSWER TURNETH AWAY WRATH : BUT GRIEVOUS
 WORDS STIR UP STRIFE.”—PROVERBS, XXV CHAP. 1 V.

Though angry looks and angry words
 Assail thee with their ten-fold ire,
 Which seem to snap affections cords,
 And wrath and malice to inspire ;
 Still kindly look and softly speak,
 Let thy response be always mild,
 And fervently, but gently, seek
 To calm with meekness passion's child.

TIME AND BEAUTY.

Forth from the mighty maker's hand,
 Arrayed in smiles, in graces dress'd,
A type of that far better land,
 Where saints repose—where angels rest,
Came beauty, maid of heavenly birth,
 With blooming cheek and sparkling eye,
Bright ornament of our lone earth,
 Whose bosom heaved the melting sigh.

To her mankind their homage paid ;
 Her potent charms with magic spell
Prostrate the greatest heroes laid,
 And 'neath her sway even empires fell.
The storms of life passed harmless by,
 Her sunny smiles beguiled their power :
Nor sorrow's tear, nor grief's deep sigh,
 Could nip the bloom of beauty's flower.

But short her reign,—one mighty hand
 At length robbed Beauty of her bloom ;
Time passed and shook the wasting sand,
 She drooped, and sunk into the tomb.
'Time conquers and destroys all things,—
 Even beauty owns his powerful sway ;
He breathes alike on slaves and kings,—
 They wither, fade and fall away.

THE HOUSE OF GOD.

How sweet the house of God to tread,
 To hear the blessed gospel read ;
 The solemn organ's sacred sound,
 The tolling bell long echoing round.
 And what true joy all christians share
 Who bend the knee in earnest prayer,
 When with the heart to God unveiled,
 No hidden secret sin concealed,—
 Soothed by sweet thoughts of sins forgiven,
 Of peace on earth and future heaven.



“BE KINDLY AFFECTIONED ONE TO ANOTHER WITH BROTHERLY
 LOVE.” ROMANS 12 CHAP. 10 VER.

Be ever loving ; ever good and kind,
 Let no vindictive feeling cross your mind ;
 “ Love one another,” so the Apostle taught,
 Who was with every kindly feeling fraught.
 Let no harsh word or look increase a wound,
 But breathe soft words of hope and comfort round.
 They who from honour's path mistaken rove,
 May be won back by kindness and by love.
 Forgive ! 'Tis what our Saviour did before,
 His mild rebuke was—“ Go, and sin no more.”

EVER FAITHFUL.

I never will forsake thy lowly lot,
When fortune frowns and summer friends depart,
If all the world fly from thee, I will not,
Thy sorrows make thee dearer to my heart.

I'll not forsake thee when chill age comes on,
And dims thine eye and tints thy locks with snow,
I'll never leave thee when earth's joys are gone,
And mirth gives place to sickness, grief and woe.

And when thou'rt laid upon the bed of death,
And pain distorts thy features, languid, pale,
I will not shrink, but watch thy parting breath,
And gently sooth thee till each pulse shall fail.

Thus, if the God who rules decrees to spare
My life till thou to thy long home art gone,
I'll mourn for thee, and pray to join thee there,
Till all is past, and life itself is done.



REMARKS ON THE EDUCATION OF THE POOR.

The idea that knowledge incapacitates a person for some situations in life, is a very erroneous one. There is no state, however difficult, no employ however laborious, no situation however subordinate, no condition however low, but may be amended and rendered more easy and more respectable by a person possessed with a capacious and well cultivated mind, without doing the smallest injury to any individual, or disturbing in the slightest degree, the general order of society.

Man, in a state of ignorance, is scarcely a degree above the lower animals of the creation. In vain for him does the sun shed its mild lustre upon the earth—he feels the warmth, but sees no beauty in his smiling beams. In vain do the loveliest flowers enamel the soft grass—he passes them by unheeded: in vain do the birds chaunt forth their liveliest melody—the sounds breath not of music in his leaden ears. Dull, sullen being: his musings are on carnal things. The thrilling voice of nature cannot rouse his drowsy soul. He may raise his eyes upwards, but he feels not those unspeakable delights which the cultivated mind experiences when gazing upon the clear blue vault of heaven, studded with countless glittering orbs, whilst the senses are soothed by the gentle pressure of the light evening breezes. Who that has experienced these pleasures would wish them to be withheld from the

poorest being upon earth? No one possessed of common feeling and justice.

A considerable portion of our mechanics and labourers of the present day are but mere organized machines : their hours of relaxation are spent in sensual gratifications, and they are impelled to labour only by the knowledge that if they do not do so they must starve. They look upon their employers, and all those who move in a sphere above themselves, as beings of another nature, by whom they are trodden down and oppressed, and are restrained from outrage and insubordination by the iron hand of power alone. If this class could receive in infancy the foundation of a good substantial education, which would give them a taste for rational and intellectual amusements, and teach them the duty of respecting themselves, it would render them, as regards those above them, more obedient, more industrious, more respectful, and more just ; and, as regards themselves, more frugal, more cleanly, more orderly, and far happier. It may also make them capable of distinguishing injury and insult from justice and acts of kindness, and enable them to show approbation or resentment accordingly ; but this would be matter of pleasure to all who adhere to the golden maxim “Do unto others as you would they should do unto you.” They may also evince a predilection for refinement and intellectual improvement, but the rules of good order would not be broken by their gratification in this respect. There is no just reason why a person engaged in the lowest employment should not have a neat little retiring room, with carpetted floor, comfortably furnished, with books, musical instruments, or anything which

his taste may lead him to desire and his industry enable him to procure for the amusement of himself and family during the short intervals of cessation from toil. Surely, none can better deserve enjoyments than those who obtain them by the “sweat of their brow.”

How many families who at this moment go clothed in rags, and present to the view a meagre, half-starved appearance, might be living in comfort and respectability, pleasing instead of offending the eye, if their means of living were properly and frugally employed, which would, in all probability, be the case if the parents had, in childhood, received a good education. By early education I mean that the infant should have the advantage of being placed under the care of a person who would keep a strict watch over the opening mind, and take all possible means to encourage the intellectual qualities to expand and predominate over the passions, to assist in mounting the first and most difficult steps to knowledge, without frightening the mind from further progress,—thus encouraging virtue, and crushing vice in the bud. The adoption of infant schools is a plan in favour of which too much cannot be said, and the various government schools, are invaluable blessings; but the nature of the instruction should be attended to. With habits of early piety should be instilled a knowledge of those sciences which expound the laws of nature, and as much general information as possible.

It is evident to the careful observer, that the most ignorant are the first to murmur, and the loudest in their exclamations against tyranny, whilst those who are pos-

sessed with the largest share of acquired knowledge, have the largest share of common sense, and are the first to perform the most arduous and disagreeable duties of the stations in which an allwise Providence has placed them, knowing that their respectability does not depend upon the station they may hold, but upon their own individual conduct in that station.

Youth being the time when habits are formed, and the character of the man fixed, how necessary it is that every possible means should be adopted to form the judgment, to direct the taste, to instil pure morals into the mind, to clear the reason with truths, to guide with an unflinching hand into the paths of strict rectitude, and to give the means of happiness in this world, and the hope of it in the world to come.

Those who possess knowledge should not hoard it up with the avariciousness of misers, but bestow it with liberal hands on them who have not the means of obtaining it.

May success attend the praiseworthy efforts which are made for the cultivation of the mind and the advancement of human nature ; and may all unite with firm but peaceful ardour in furthering the best plans for improvement, and in support of “the Throne, the Altar, and the Land we live in.”

LINES ON A RECENT MELANCHOLY EVENT.

Poor Annie was a pretty blue-eyed, kind-hearted girl, the only hope of an aged father, and he was her only friend. They were poor, but cheerful as poverty can be : he obtained his living by daily labour, and Annie was placed to service at the house of a neighbouring farmer.

Without education, simple and unsuspecting, she listened to the improper addresses of her master's son.

As soon as the circumstance became known to her mistress, she was discharged in disgrace ; her inhuman seducer refusing any recompense, even pecuniary.

Ashamed to return to the roof of her father in her present degraded position, and with a mind clogged by ignorance and burthened by guilt, she gave way to despair, and put a period to her existence by throwing herself into a pond near to her early home.

The air was calm, the sky serene and bright,
The gentle moon shed round her silvery light,
The twinkling stars in silent beauty beamed,
And earth the home of peace and beauty seemed.

But through the air a solemn pealing sound
Broke the dead calm which reigned on all around,

And echo, sighing, answered back the knell,
 The lingering whisper of the passing bell.
 At this lone hour, to shun the multitude,
 Who press with vulgar gaze, with action rude,
 Poor Annie to her latest home was borne,
 The victim of deceit, of cruelty and scorn.
 No sable weeds—no mimic grief was there,—
 No stately pall concealed the homely bier :
 One follower alone, with hoary head,
 Bent low, and wept the unconscious dead.

A few brief moments, and the scene was closed.
 Still o'er the grave where Annie's form reposed,
 The wretched father knelt,—with accents wild,
 In anguish mourning his departed child.

A REQUEST.

O give me but one friendly heart,
 Where I may safely fondly dwell,
 Where vile deceit hath not a part,
 To break hope's pure enchanting spell.

No vain regrets shall then be mine,
 I will not grieve that joy flies fast,
 But calmly unto Fate resign
 All else in life, till life be past.

LOVE'S BROKEN SPELL.

Around my fond and faithful heart,
 A holy spell was resting,
 Of life's best joys the purest part,
 With sunshine all investing.

Within its influence all things smiled,
 Each passing hour brought pleasure,
 And hope, ~~care's~~ darkest frown beguiled,
 And joy spread forth her treasure.

But the trusted heart was false at last,—
 Words chill and cold were spoken ;
 The happy dream of love was past—
 The holy spell was broken.

 HOPE AND DISAPPOINTMENT.

What is hope ? a beauteous flower
 That blooming courts the youthful hand :
 It grows in every earthly bower,
 By gentle, genial breezes fanned.

But still, as each fond anxious wretch
 Attempts to pluck it from the stem,
 Scarce can his trembling finger stretch,
 E'er disappointment snaps the gem.

LINES ACCOMPANYING A PRESENT.

I love you ;—yes, I love you
 In my warm heart's inmost core ;
 And should care and sorrow grieve you,
 Then I'll love you ten times more.

My pulse is beating lightly,
 With affection kind and true,
 And hope is smiling brightly,
 For my faith is strong in you.

Then take this little token,
 All simple though it be,
 Of the truth and faith, unbroken,
 Of a spirit light and free.

For I love you ;—yes, I love you
 In my warm heart's inmost core ;
 And should care and sorrow grieve you,
 Then I'll love you ten times more.



TO PHŒBE AFTER A QUARREL.

Oh, say wilt thou suffer me thus to depart,
 With a spell on my spirit—a thorn in my heart ?
 Oh, think on the many bright hours we have pass'd,
 And do not discard me, dear Phœbe, at last.

TIME'S ON THE WING.

Up!—up and be doing! for time's on the wing.

Oh, never give way to dark sorrow;

For grief cannot soften affliction's keen sting,

And hope may smile brighter to-morrow.

Though storms and dark clouds will come on for awhile,

And make all seem gloomy and sad;

Yet a calm will succeed, and bring sunshine and smile,

And the sad heart again will be glad.

Though life hath sharp arrows that often will goad,

And the thorns of affliction abound;

Yet roses in plenty are strewn on the road,

Which by searching may always be found.

Then, up and be doing! for time's on the wing,

Oh, never give way to dark sorrow;

For grief cannot soften affliction's keen sting,

And hope may smile brighter to-morrow.



TO-MORROW.

O heed not to-morrow,—'Twill never be here;

Live to day, and let rankling care

Be driven away till to-morrow appear:

The ills of to-day are sufficient to bear.

THE VOICE I LOVE.

That voice—that thrilling voice—again it steals
In silvery sweetness on my sullen ear,
And every quickening pulse its magic feels,—
It seems my weary, sinking soul to cheer.

By coldness and neglect my once warm heart,
With every kindly human feeling rife,
Is seared and broken—dying with the smart ;
But that sweet voice still warms it into life.

When morning wakes, and brings a load of care,
And overwhelms me with a thousand ills ;
I humbly kneel before my God in prayer,
And every thought with holy ardour fills.

But still exists the sense of wordly woe,
And grief around her chilling influence flings,
Until that voice, in full harmonious flow,
A soothing balm to my sad spirit brings.

Like Orpheus' tones, which deeply thrilled around,
And back to earth restored his long-lost wife :
So that dear voice,—from their deep sleep profound,—
Calls all my withered feelings into life.

SOLILOQUY ON HEARING A CHURCH BELL.

Hark ! 'tis the church bell's thrilling sound
 Strikes on mine ear and summons me to prayer.
 It speaks to drowsy sinners like trumpet
 To the dead, and says—" Arise, ye sleepers !
 " Wake from your dreams of fond security,
 " And view, with open eyes, the frightful rocks
 " And yawning gulfs which lurk beneath
 " The sunny bowers, where now in fancied bliss
 " Your wild imaginations stray unchecked.
 " Oh ! hither turn your feet,—approach with awe
 " These sacred gates, and reverently kneel
 " Before the holy altar of your God !"
 Then Oh, my soul, obey the summons—rise
 And join, devoutly join, in solemn prayer
 With those who sacred keep the sabbath day,
 Preparing for the awful change which soon
 Must wake us to a long *eternity*.



EPITAPH.

He sleeps in death ! a man of worthy name,
 Who sought no useless wealth, false honour, fame :
 Beloved in life, true, noble, good and kind,
 To all earth's changes and to God resigned.

“THOU ART INEXCUSABLE, OH, MAN, WHOMSOEVER THOU ART, THAT JUDGEST.”—PART OF 1ST VERSE, 2ND CHAP. ROMANS.

Judge not! The human heart is prone
 To act from feelings all its own.
 Some sudden impulse none can see,
 Some motive hid in mystery,
 May prompt an action which our eyes
 May disapprove, and we despise.
 But God's all-searching eye will know
 The source whence all our actions flow,
 And he will judge if wrong or right,—
 All things are open to his sight.
 Judge not, O man, thy erring brother;
 Be merciful to one another:
 For as ye judge, so judged yourselves will be;
 All sin alike,—man hath no purity!



105TH PSALM, 1ST VERSE.

Give always thanks unto the Lord,
 Call on his name in prayer;
 Throughout the world proclaim his word,
 And grace will crown your care.

SUPERSTITION ;
OR, THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

It is very painful to observe the great degree of superstition which is still entertained in many parts of England. The following tale is really true in substance, though varied a little in detail, in order to render it acceptable to the general reader.

I once paid a visit of a few weeks to a country village, which I will call Barnel, in a sequestered part of Shropshire, where everything appears to move on in the same jog-trot way it did some centuries ago. There is the parson, a free good-natured man, who speaks familiarly to every one, makes frequent visits to the poor, preaches two sermons every Sunday, dines often with the squire, and sometimes with a few of the most substantial farmers in the neighbourhood ; and the Doctor, looking very stout and very good humoured, who rides an unusually fat horse, appearing to be on very good terms with himself and every one else : he is a bachelor. There is a Butcher, with plenty of flesh on his back as well as in his shop, with a very lean wife and seventeen children ; a Blacksmith also ; a widower, with one son and a daughter.

The one thing which is of great importance, and which most villages boast of, the great emporium for news and scandal, namely—a Barber's shop—was wanting in Barnel, but there were several Beershops, which answered the pur-

pose quite as well. Two or three farm houses, and eight or ten labourers' cottages, made up the sum total of the habitations which composed the village of Barnel.

It was early in October when I first visited this rural district, and I was highly delighted with the picturesque beauty of its scenery, checkered with all the variety of colour which autumn, in this country, never fails to bring. It was at a cottage of the bettermost order that I took up my temporary residence—or rather a small farm-house. The inmates consisted of a man, his wife, two children and two servants. The master, whose name was John Seedman, was a plain, good sort of person, very kindhearted, possessing such education as the sons of farmers in that neighbourhood generally received, at the only school of which the village could boast, conducted by the parish clerk ; that is to say, he could read a little—write a little—and knew a little of arithmetic. His wife, whom he married young, was the daughter of a saddler in the nearest town, who had saved a little money, and given his daughter a tolerable education. My host and hostess, therefore, were people of good repute and some standing in the village. Their house was better furnished than those of some of their neighbours, and their style of living was somewhat superior. The son was a tall, rawboned youth of eighteen, but the daughter was really a loveable girl. She had been brought up in a boarding school in the market town of which her mother was a native, and had learned such things as girls generally do learn at country boarding schools of the middle class ; but what was deficient in education was made up in natural refinement and sweetness of disposition.

With this happy family I spent a few weeks, and during that time had leisure to make many observations: but nothing struck me so much as the incredible superstitious notions which were entertained by the whole village: the amiable Amy Seedman not being an exception.

It happened that amongst the most favoured of Amy's suitors, was one Thomas Green. He was the son of a surgeon, and had been sent to a farmer in the neighbourhood of Barnel, in order to be instructed in the arts of husbandry and agriculture. He was a good looking person, with light hair and a florid complexion, about twenty-five years of age, was generally better dressed than was usual with the farmers' sons thereabouts, and his manners had a slight degree of town polish about them, which made him an object of great interest amongst the girls of the village. But Amy seemed to claim his chief attention, and it was evident that she was what is ordinarily termed, in love with him.

Now Amy was a quiet, reserved girl, but in course of frequent conversation with me, had confessed her attachment to this young man, and her fears that he was not serious in his professions of constancy towards her. "Would there," said she to me, one day, "be any harm in ascertaining this." "Certainly not," I answered, "if you are possessed of the means of doing so." "I have the means," said she, "but I don't know whether such means are culpable or not, and I wish to consult you on the matter, only I must beg that you keep my secret, for I

could not bear to have it known." I made the desired promise, and she then proceeded to inform me that on the side of the nearest mountain lived an old man named Jonathan, who obtained a living by telling fortunes; and that he frequently foretold events, which occurred exactly as he predicted, but she feared that he dealt with evil spirits, and on that account arose her scruples to go and consult him on the present occasion. I could not forbear laughing at her seriousness in such a matter, and rallied her on her credulity; at which she seemed a little offended, and assured me that there was not the slightest doubt of old Jonathan's possessing the power not only to foretell events by his arts, but also to render great assistance in recovering stolen property, which he frequently did; and to convince me of this, she gave me an instance which had come under her own knowledge not more than three months previous. I will give the affair in her own words:—

"About three months back, one very hot day, whilst all our people, except mother and myself, were engaged in the fields at haymaking, mother thought it a good opportunity to get the best linen aired, as the sun was sufficiently warm. Accordingly, we looked up a quantity of table linen—best sheets, and such things as were not in everyday use—and spread them on the grass in the orchard at the back of the house. On going in the evening to bring them in, we were much surprised to find that they were all gone. My mother was almost frantic at the idea of losing her best linen, and every enquiry was made in order

to recover it ; but all was of no avail, and a week passed away without our hearing any tidings of the lost things. It was supposed that some gypsies, which had lately been encamped in the neighbourhood, must have carried them away.

“ At the next washing-day, Betty Edwards, our washer-woman, asked mother if she had been to consult old Jonathan about the loss of her linen. At first my mother ridiculed the idea of his being able to give her any assistance ; but after Betty had told her of many instances of things which had been long lost, having been again recovered by his means, she began to think there could be no harm in paying him a visit, and ascertaining what he would be able to do in the matter ; but she was enjoined by Betty to keep her intentions a profound secret.

“ Accordingly, to make no delay, she went the same evening to the cottage of Jonathan, and found him at home. After she had told him all the particulars of her errand, he looked very grave for some time, without speaking, but at length said “ he would do what he could for her.” He then produced several very large and very old books, the leaves of which he turned over, appearing to read and make calculations for more than half an hour, during which my mother’s patience was nearly exhausted. At length he told her that he did not think the things were taken out of the village, and asked her if she had suspicion of any person. After considering for a little time, she told him she thought she had, but did not like to say. This intelligence seemed

to give him some uneasiness, and he informed her that he could do nothing more in the matter unless she told him whether the person suspected by her lived in the village or at a distance from it. She very reluctantly, after much hesitation, said it might be one of the servants in her own house, but requested him not to act upon her suspicion. After again becoming grave and silent for some time, he said that he must consult his books before he could tell anything more, and that for her to wait was useless, but if she would come to-morrow morning, he did not doubt of being able to put her in a way to recover the stolen property.

“Accordingly she departed, and returning again the following morning she found Jonathan at work at his books, where he said he had remained the whole of the night. In the course of about a quarter of an hour he told my mother that, with all his skill he could not discover the thief, but he had succeeded so far as to cause him to pass a night in extreme terror, and that if she would proceed to a certain spot which he pointed out, she would there find, in a hole under the thatch of an old out-building, the lost linen.

“The building pointed out was a detached shed, about two hundred yards from our own house ; and, on arriving there, the whole of the linen my mother had lost was found concealed in a hole in the exact spot Jonathan had pointed out. It was a little tumbled, but in other respects just the same as when she laid it on the grass to air.

My mother was much rejoiced on finding it, and very grateful to the old man, but at a loss how to recompence him for his trouble. Jonathan never receives money for his services in finding stolen goods, or makes any charge,—that, he says, would cross the purpose of his art, and render it useless in other instances.

“Then,” asked I, “what is the recompence usually made for his valued assistance? or does he render it out of a pure feeling of philanthropy?”

“In love matters,” answered she, “he does not scruple to receive money, but in such affairs as I have just related, I believe he usually accepts presents of some thing which he can make useful,—a bushel or two of corn, a sack of potatoes, a pound or so of tea, a cheese, or any thing which is not in the shape of money. My mother gave him a ham.”

I soon made my own conclusions on the subject, and felt a wish to see the old impostor; therefore agreed to accompany Amy to the mountain on her mission of inquiry.

We chose the following afternoon, and arrived at the abode of Jonathan about four o'clock. He was sitting on a bench outside the door, smoking a pipe, which he laid down on our approach, and accompanied us into the cottage.

Amy informed him of her errand, and requested his assistance in the little affair which was of so much importance to herself.

I could perceive that he looked towards me with an air of distrust and uneasiness, and he requested Amy to retire with him into an adjoining room, where he said the apparatus to be made use of stood more conveniently. This she refused to do unless I went in also, and the matter was soon settled by his bringing out his books and a curious looking instrument similar to a telescope. This latter he presented to Amy, and desired her to look attentively through it, and tell him what she observed.

“I see, said she, “a shadowy substance something like a church.” “Look more steadfastly,” said he, “and tell me if nothing else appears.” “There is something like a funeral, with a coffin and mourners.” “Can you distinguish any figure which is there?” “I cannot say that I do distinctly.” “The chief mourner,” said he, “is yourself.” “It will often be your lot to mourn over blighted prospects;” and, after turning the instrument round, he bade her take another look, and see if any thing brighter would present itself. “There appears,” said she, “the same old church, but there is a gayer party now engaged, either at a wedding or christening.”

“Yes,” said old Jonathan, “you will fulfil your day, and have much joy as well as sorrow.” “But,” asked Amy, rather impatiently, “can you answer me the question I first asked, as to the sincerity of the person who now professes entire regard for me.” “The heart of man is fickle,” answered he, “your present hopes will be blighted, but do not be downcast, brighter will arise and be fulfilled. He that you would now marry is faithless.”

At these words Amy's colour rose, and I could see that she was swelling with rage, when, to my astonishment, she demanded, imperatively, to know by what means he had obtained this knowledge.

The old man regarded her for a few moments, and then said,—“Maiden, thou art not wise : there is a secret power which revealeth to me many things,—but I have said too much to the faithless.” Then, perceiving that I was inspecting his books, he took them hastily, with the instrument before named, into the inner apartment, and immediately returned, closing the door. I had only time to observe that one of his magic books was an old Greek Testament.

Amy had suddenly become quite calm, and actually begged pardon of the old man for her haste, promising him a very handsome recompence if he could only prove what he had said. After a little coaxing, he promised on the following day to inform her of the means by which she might satisfy herself of her lover's infidelity.

The following evening, at sunset, found us again at the old man's cottage, when he told Amy that if she would go to a certain dwelling to-morrow evening, at seven o'clock, taking care to conceal herself and observe all closely, she would soon be convinced of the truth of his assertion. She then gave him half a sovereign, and we departed.

It was in vain I endeavoured to persuade Amy from attending at the place mentioned by the old man. I repre-

sented the meanness of becoming a spy upon the actions of any one ; but she was deaf to all my entreaties, and repaired alone on the following day to the spot pointed out to her.

I watched for her return with considerable anxiety, and could with difficulty satisfy her parents on the score of her prolonged absence. She did not return until nine in the evening, and I could then perceive that she was much agitated, and had evidently been weeping. She soon after gave me the following account of her adventure :—

“ On leaving you,” said she, “ I proceeded to the place pointed out by Jonathan, and waited for some time without perceiving any one. At length I thought I heard the footsteps of some persons approaching, and withdrew behind a thick hawthorn bush. Two people very soon made their appearance ; and, although it was nearly dark, I could discern that it was Betty Edwards and her daughter Mary. They were engaged in earnest conversation, and I several times heard my own name pronounced. As they drew near to the bush behind which I was concealed, I could distinctly hear all that was said. ‘ It is quite time he was here,’ said Mary, ‘ he used to be more punctual ; but I suppose he has met with Amy Seedman, and he says that whenever he does, he never can get away from her, she is such a regular bore.’ ‘ Ah !’ said the mother, ‘ he may tell you so, but I have heard to day that he is paying his addresses to her, and intends to get her father’s consent to marry her, as he is in want of some money to begin farming with.’ ‘ I will never believe a word of it,’ answered the girl, ‘ for I did not run after him, as she does. He nearly

broke his heart before I would consent to walk with him at all; and before I went with him to the Spring Fair he swore, with the Bible in his hand, that he would make me his wife as soon as he could get his father's consent. I know he means honourably, therefore do, dear mother, go home. Besides, old Jonathan recommended our meeting here this evening, as he said it would be a lucky evening for me. I am in very good spirits about the matter, but afraid of your saying something to offend him.'

'Offend him!' said the mother, angrily, 'I want to find out if he intends to make a fool of you; and if I find he does, I'll not only offend him, but I'll spoil his pretty face for many a day to come.' 'Oh, mother, mother!' said the girl, 'I am afraid you will make mischief between us: do go home.' 'You are a sad fool,' said Betty, 'and if you had put confidence in me before it was too late, you need not now have been in his power. I tell you I will see him, and know what he means.'

"Scarcely had she done speaking, when quick footsteps approached, and I soon heard the well known voice of Thomas Green."

'Well, Mary,' said he, 'were you afraid to come alone to meet your own Thomas, as I perceive you have your mother with you.' I could hear a smothered 'No, no!' and then a burst of tears. 'How is this,' said he, when the mother spoke, and said—'Mr. Green, my daughter was last night taken very ill with a fainting fit, from which I feared she would never recover, for I thought her to be dying, and in my alarm fetched the doctor, when he told

me sufficient to cause my worst fears as to the imprudence of you both. She has since confessed all to me, and I am come this evening to see you myself, and to know what you mean, and when you will perform your promise of marrying her.'

'My good woman,' answered the deceitful fellow, 'You quite take me by surprise: my dear little Mary knows that I love her, and will do all in my power to make her happy.' 'All that is very fine, and may do to deceive her, poor thing, but it wont do for me. Do you mean to marry her or not?' He seemed to hesitate for a moment, and then said he could not do so at present without his father would give his consent. 'I hear,' resumed Betty, 'that you are about to marry Miss Seedman!' At this he burst into a laugh, and said, 'What a ridiculous idea: such a thought never entered into my head. I think her the plainest girl in the village,—to me she is quite disagreeable. Besides, do you suppose for a moment I would ever think of any other than my own dear little Mary.'

"At this juncture I walked leisurely towards the spot, and passed before the party. I only wish you could have witnessed the expression on the countenance of my would-be husband (for he actually made me an offer of his hand, only a week ago, with a solemn assurance that he never did, and never could love any but me.) I shouted a laughing 'good-night' to each, walked briskly away, and here I am."

Notwithstanding Amy's affected calmness, I could per-

ceive that she was much agitated, and as soon as we retired for the night, she burst into a violent fit of weeping, which seemed in some measure to relieve her, but she passed a sleepless night, and at the breakfast table the following morning, exhibited rather a woebegone countenance. By degrees this wore off, and she soon regained her usual serenity.

“What think you,” said she to me one day, “of my conduct in finding out the treachery of Thomas Green.” “I think,” answered I, “that it is highly reprehensible, and I do hope, my dear young friend, that for the future you will allow a better judgment to rule in all such matters, and never permit yourself to use improper means to attain any end, however desirable.”

“Is there any doubt remaining in your mind,” asked she, “of the supernatural knowledge possessed by Jonathan? Do you not remember that he told me my hopes would be blighted? How could he by any ordinary means have known of the meeting and conversation which I yesterday evening witnessed?” “By the very ordinary process,” answered I, “of going to the girl Mary Edwards, and advising her that a meeting at that particular time and place would prove happy to her: you yourself heard her say that such was the case. “Certainly,” answered Amy, “but the thought did not at the time strike me.”

The time of my visit to Barnel being expired, I returned home, and in about six weeks afterwards, whilst sitting at breakfast, and perusing the newspaper, which is

my usual custom when alone, at that meal, I was much surprised on observing the following announcement in the list of marriages :—

“ On Saturday last, at the parish church of C——, Mr. Thomas Green, of Barnel, to Ruth, daughter of Mr. Brown, of C——.”

It then went on to say,—

“ Immediately after the ceremony, the youthful pair set out for Australia, and were accompanied by several families from that neighbourhood, who had made previous preparations for emigration.”

My thoughts naturally turned to Mary Edwards, and I some time afterwards learned that her disgraceful situation had become known in the village, and she was shunned by all her former companions. The trouble which her conduct had brought upon her parents so prayed upon the mind of her mother, that it brought on a nervous fever, from which she never perfectly recovered. Poor girl, she had cause to repent bitterly her folly, and it is to be hoped that her base seducer may yet be brought to repent the anguish which he inflicted on his victims.

Not long after this an event occurred in the village of Barnel which opened the eyes of the inhabitants to the frauds practised on them by the Old Man of the Mountain. A labourer of the name of John Groom was taken seriously ill, and on being visited by the pastor, expressed many

fear for the future state of his soul ; and previous to death made a confession that he had been the active ally of old Jonathan for many years, and that by his advice and instruction he had committed many robberies. He mentioned in particular the taking of Mrs. Seedman's linen. He usually, he said, kept whatever was taken, and concealed it until application was made to the old man, Jonathan, for its recovery, and then either deposited it in such a situation as the owner would be directed to for finding it, or retained it altogether, which sometimes happened if the article was easy to be disposed of, and not likely to lead to detection. In that case, himself and Jonathan always shared the products between them.

It sometimes happened that these stolen goods were conveyed in the night-time upon the premises of any person against whom the evil mind of Jonathan wished to raise a suspicion.

This declaration of the dying man was taken down in writing, and made oath to, in the presence of several respectable witnesses, and it was accordingly thought proper to summon Jonathan before the magistrates to answer the charges therein brought against him. A warrant was therefore issued for his apprehension, but when the officers who were sent in search of him reached his cottage, they found it vacant,—he had already decamped, having previously made preparations for so doing by disposing of the little furniture he possessed, and he has not since been heard of in the village ; but it is supposed that he is still in England, carrying on his unholy calling in some equally

wise location, for it is little to be doubted that many are still to be found.

Amy now laughs at her former credulity, and employs her leisure time in giving instruction in the excellent school opened in the village for Sabbath-day teaching, and she makes it a strict rule to use her most earnest endeavours to eradicate every shadow of superstition in the minds of her pupils.

On my last visit to the family of the Seedman's they were living much as usual, happily in the affection of dutiful children. The son has become quite an intelligent young man, and is engaged in assisting his father in the cultivation and improvement of their farm, and Amy as amiable as ever, with more rational good sense, daily seeking and gaining knowledge, which I have no doubt she will put to the best uses, and ever remain, as she now is, a dutiful child and a good christian, dispensing cheerfulness and happiness around.



KNOWLEDGE.

If you wish your children to get on in the world, give them education—give them knowledge. If you wish them to be respected, teach them to respect themselves.

THE WILD WOODS AND VALLEYS.

Oh! the mountains, the wild woods and valleys for me,
 Where the hare and the wild deer stray,
 Where the birds chaunt their songs upon every tree,
 And squirrels at liberty play.

There, nature in truth and in beauty is dress'd,
 Without the distortions of art ;
 There, all things with peace and with freedom are bless'd,
 And the purest of joy fills the heart.

There, unseen, I can listen to nature's sweet mirth,
 My heart beating wildly with glee ;
 And my glad spirit turn from the grovellers of earth,
 And exultingly feel it is free.

Then the wild woods, the hills and valleys for me,
 Where the lightning shoots harmless on high ;
 Where the loud thunders roll, and the torrents dash free,
 And the rough wind sweeps playfully by.



QUALITIES MY FRIEND SHOULD POSSESS.

Enough *good-nature* to excuse my folly,
 Enough of *wit* to banish melancholy,
 Enough of *fun* to cheer my drooping spirits,
 Enough *good sense* just to discern my merits.

STANZA.

Oh ! give me the spirit that ne'er was enslaved,
 The mind which for freedom all hardships hath braved,
 Too bold to be conquered—too proud to bow down,
 Who never the yoke of submission hath known.
 But the being so puerile to tremble or bend,
 That in deepest affliction a murmur can send,
 Oh, banish afar, and bring hither the heart,
 That with all that is noble can still bear a part,
 Still onward advance with an unflinching mind,
 Yet ever be merciful, gentle and kind.



“ LIFE’S FRAIL BARK IS TEMPEST TOSS’D—
 “ HOPE IS SINKING—ALL IS LOST ! ”

A wanderer on life’s stormy sea,
 My weary bark is tempest driven ;
 I’ve sought in vain some port to see,—
 In vain to gain some friendly haven.

Then farewell all I fondly love :
 The waves of disappointment sever
 Those hopes which too falacious prove,
 And check their brilliant dreams for ever.

TO THE ABSENT ONE.

I miss thee when the kindling east
Is flecked at early dawn with red ;
And earth seems all a dreary waste,
For joy from my sad heart hath fled.

I miss thee when the glowing day
Hath shed her light on hill and glen,
And when I feel its genial ray,
How much, dear child, I miss thee then.

I miss thee in the twilight shade,
When wandering through the meadow fair,
And breathe thy name through every glade,
But all in vain—thou art not there.



THE STAR OF FRIENDSHIP.

When dark despair was gathering round,
And friends had coldly all departed ;
Hope sickened in the gloom profound,
And left me sad and broken hearted.

But Friendship's star arose, and shed
Its smiling beams across my way ;
Once more I raised my drooping head,
And warmly hailed its kindling ray.

TO LILLA.

Dear Lilla, I am all alone,
 With none to sooth—with none to cheer—
 The hopes which once were mine are flown,
 And sadly now I linger here.

The voice of gentle love is hushed,
 And friendship's smiles are not for me,
 My only hope has long been crushed,
 And pleasure's face no more I see.

All dark and gloomy is my way,
 Yet I rejoice in other's glee,
 And feel once more a kindling ray
 Of gladness when I think on thee.



THE ERROR.

Our ancient sages strangely erred,
 When souls to man alone they gave,
 And vaunting impiously averred,
 That woman's soul dies in the grave.
 A sad mistake all must allow,—
 But men to make mistakes are prone,—
 For sense and reason prove it now,
 Our sex *have* souls—'tis their's have none.

SPRING.

Spring is coming ! Spring is coming !
 Listen ! Through the ambient air
 A thousand cheerful voices humming,
 All to welcome her prepare.

See the birds in every bower,
 Tune the voice and plume the wing ;
 Each exerts his little power
 To welcome the returning spring.

From the earth fresh flowers are springing,
 Buds on every tree burst forth,
 The merry lark in air is singing,
 All around is joy and mirth.

Then let the human heart beat lightly,
 And in such a scene rejoice ;
 Let the beaming eye smile brightly,
 And tune to God the grateful voice.



THE GOOD MINISTER.

A man of gentle heart and noble mind,
 Of manners simple—of demeanour kind,
 Studious and self-denying, true and just,
 Whom bad men must respect, whom all can trust.

Ah who, uncharitably harsh—prone to complain,—
 Shall call him useless, or his labours vain ?
 Boldly affirming that no hell, no heaven,
 The bad await, or to the good is given ?

Let such go visit once the house of death,
 When swiftly ebbs the fast-departing breath,
 And solemn fate, with never-failing power,
 Awaits to close the last dark lingering hour.

'Tis then the minister's kind soothing aid
 Dispels each gloomy doubt, each sombre shade :
 Cheers the lone soul, and through the Saviour's love,
 Instils bless'd hope, and points to realms above.

Thus soothed each anxious fear, all doubtings cease,
 And the bless'd spirit takes its flight in peace,
 Whilst weeping friends, inspired by solemn prayer,
 Resigned to God—the last sad parting bear.

Thousands thus poor alone unfriended stand,
 Unfed, untaught in our unhappy land,
 Who pine with care, to whom no joy is given,
 Who have no friend but God—no hope but heaven.

To them the minister's kind aid is more
 Than golden treasures, or than learning's store,
 And base is he who would with impious breath,
 Destroy the poor man's solace, even in death.

THE SISTER'S GOOD-NIGHT!

How mild are the evenings of spring,—

The fields all in verdure are dress'd ;

The birds all delightfully sing,

As the sun slowly sinks to his rest.

Not a sound but of pleasure is heard,

All is harmony, peace, joy and love,

The aspen tree scarcely is stirred,—

It is calm both below and above.

Sweet flowers around us are strewn,

The primrose, the cowslip and rose ;

The lark to his slumber is gone,

And the dove with his mate to repose.

The breeze lingers still in the west,

The landscape fades slow on the sight,

Then let us now haste to our rest,

Good-night ! dearest sister, good-night !



TO A DEAR FRIEND.

My wayward spirit dwells with thee,

Though fate decrees we live apart ;

My still unconquered soul is free,—

Thine image occupies my heart.

I love thee,—but it matters not.

Though deep despair alone is mine :
Though hope ne'er cheers my weary lot,
My every thought and wish is thine.

I wander o'er the flowery fields,
And listen to the wild bird's lay,
When spring her opening beauty yields,
And sportive lambkins skip and play.

But heedless pass each floret by,
Nor hear sweet sounds, nor beauty see,
And gaze unheeding on the sky :
My wayward spirit dwells with thee.

Thou can'st not feel as I am prone,
Thy soul is cast in other mould,
Scared is thine heart,—it beats alone,
Disdainful, raptureless and cold.

I know not why, but unto me,
Like being of other world art thou,—
All gentle, passionless, and free
From anguish that o'erwhelms me now.

But pure the love which fills my heart,
And when from bonds of earth I'm free,
Oh ! may I then be where thou art,
And dwell—for ever dwell—with thee !

“BEFORE WE SPREAD A REPORT WE SHOULD ASCERTAIN ITS TRUTH, AND REFLECT WELL UPON THE CONSEQUENCES OF WHICH IT MIGHT BE PRODUCTIVE, LEST WE SHOULD BE GUILTY OF THE HEINOUS SIN OF BEARING FALSE WITNESS AGAINST OUR NEIGHBOUR.”

COLLIN RAMSEY.

Beside a country village green,
 A pretty whitewashed cot was seen ;
 It stood within a little ground,
 With close trimmed privet hedge around,
 Laid out with taste and and nicely kept,—
 The walks each day were cleaned and swept ;
 The walls within were purely white,
 The furniture all polished bright,
 And the brick floor, half red, half blue,
 Would not have soiled a satin shoe.
 Throughout there was a peaceful air,
 Which told nor wealth nor want were there.
 Here Collin Ramsey long had dwelt,
 Nor sickness he nor woe had felt.
 Young, scarcely past his twentieth year,
 With ruddy cheeks, complexion clear ;
 A countenance frank, honest, free,
 Of goodly mein and make was he ;
 And with his mother dwelt alone,
 Her one fond hope—her only son.
 Long time her husband had been dead,
 And Collin's labour brought them bread.

A woodman he, and with the sun,
 Each morn his daily task begun.
 Though hard he toiled, and hard he fared,
 Contentment with his work he shared,
 And happy seemed if he could see
 His parent from all sorrow free.
 The village maids, as he passed by,
 Would d greet him with a smiling eye ;
 But one more favoured than the rest
 Had raised a flame in Collin's breast.
 A fair-haired damsel, Norah White,
 The daughter of a neighbouring wright.

Oft when the day's harsh toils were o'er,
 And Collin homeward crossed the moor,
 He'd linger by the shady pool,
 Or near the little village school,
 The timorous Norah White to greet,
 Who wandered there the youth to meet.

Their's was the bliss, which only love
 Joined with pure innocence, can prove ;
 For neither had a thought of wrong,
 And Collin warmly hoped e'er long
 To prove the joys of wedded life
 By making Norah White his wife.
 He thought himself a happy wight
 Although he toiled from morn till night.
 Quite satisfied, and very meek,—
 He earned twelve shillings every week,
 And this, he thought, would keep a wife
 With all the requisites of life.
 Contented soul ! * * * *

It happened on an autumn night,
 Just at the time of fading light,
 Collin his homeward pathway traced,
 And o'er the stubble lightly paced.
 The lingering twilight just displayed
 A something by a hedge-row laid.
 He, closely looking, saw a hare
 Entangled in a poacher's snare.
 Still whistling as before, he thought,
 "Since this wild animal is caught,
 "I can commit no serious sin
 "If I release it from the gin!"

No further reasoned he, but straight
 Slipped back the wire, and took the bait.
 The bait, I say, for in the field
 Two *gamekeepers* lay close concealed,
 And rushing forth with seeming joy,
 They roughly seized the unthinking boy.
 "Stay, youngster, stay : not quite so fast,
 "The game is o'er,—you're caught at last ;
 "'Tis you who lay these nightly snares,
 "And rob our master of his hares.
 "Now come with us, and we will see
 "What sort of game your next will be."

"Indeed I did not set the snare,"
 Said he, "nor mean to take the hare :
 "'Twas but this moment that I found
 "The creature dead upon the ground."

"That's mighty fine, my lad, indeed,
 "And what you *poachers* always plead ;

“ But we’re too old,—its all no use,—
 “ We’ll take no such false weak excuse.”

No more they said, but forced him down
 The sloping fields, and to the town.
 Stunned with surprise—no more he tried
 To free himself, but walked beside.
 And many bitter thoughts then stole
 Across his erst untroubled soul.
 Ideas in confusion piled,
 A chaosed heap—dark, deep and wild.
 He nothing either saw or heard,
 Nor seemed to think—nor spoke a word.
 Till in a dark cold cell he lay,
 Awaiting the return of day.
 Then came the thought of Norah White—
 His home—his mother ; and the night
 Seemed ten-fold long. For them he fears—
 Presses his scorched brow, and bursts in tears.

’Twas midnight !—just the hour of one !
 And Collin’s mother sat alone.
 Oft looked she forth with anxious eye ;
 ’Twas useless,—Collin came not nigh.
 When morning’s beams around her crept,
 She still her lonely vigil kept.
 The mother’s heart was wrung with fears
 She had not felt before for years,
 Till trembling—fearful—forth she went,
 And learned full soon the sad event.
 “ Impossible !” she cried, “ my son !—
 “ My innocent—my only one.”

But soon too true she found the tale :
 Collin indeed was sent to jail.
 All words were vain and useless. None
 Believed him innocent—not one.
 Poor helpless woman ! Whose kind care
 Shall now thy daily bread prepare ?
 None will. Woe, want and sad disgrace
 All stare thee rudely in the face.
 Joy will no more to thee return ;
 Mourn, thou hast ample cause to mourn.

Within a dark, damp noisome cell,
 Five weeks was Collin made to dwell.
 At first, o'erwhelm'd with bitter grief,
 Tears came to bring him some relief,
 Till calm reflection came, at length,
 And seemed to give his reason strength.
 His untaught mind, by nature strong,
 Writhed 'neath oppression, baseness, wrong.
 Deep feelings woke—dark thoughts arose,—
 He deemed mankind were all his foes.
 And felt, with scorn, revenge and shame,
 He now must bear a felon's name.
 One hope, though distant, gleamed around,
 Still innocent he might be found.
 A *trial* yet a *chance* would give,
 And still in honour he may live.
 In that one dreary hope alone,
 He seemed to breathe and still live on.

The day arrived,—a crowd was there ;
 Collin a prisoner at the bar,

Before the motley group was placed—
 He felt degraded—sunk—disgraced !
 He nothing saw, and nothing heard—
 But seemed to wait one only word
 That should restore his innocence—
 Or doom him, though without offence—
 To degradation worse than death.
 He trembled—scarcely drew his breath.

The dread suspense was quickly o'er ;
 The *keepers* came, and each one swore
 How he observed him at the snare—
 Surprised and took him with the hare.
 His guilt was plain, the counsel said,—
 The judge looked grave and shook his head—
 His wise head—full of England's laws,—
 Yet friendly to the poor man's cause.

At length the dreaded verdict came ;—
 'Twas GUILTY !—Collin reeled,—a flame
 Seemed in his heart, and round his head ;
 His glazed eye closed—he sunk as dead.
 Back to his cell they bore him now,
 He felt not,—saw not,—cared not how.

Within that crowded court was heard
 One heavy groan ;—but not a word
 Betrayed the anguish of the heart.
 'Twas but one groan—and then a start.
 A fragile form—a hueless face,
 Unseen, unnoticed, left the place.

A mother's eye had witnessed all
Her nourished hopes decay and fall.

But little now remains untold ;
The world unfeeling all, and cold—
Thought Collin's punishment was light
And deemed his sentence just and right.

Imprisonment. The months roll'd on, }
Behold him from his prison gone, }
A lonely—wretched—altered one. }

The bitterest thoughts had filled his breast,
Chang'd his ideas,—stolen his rest.
Like Cain, a mark was on his brow,
All—all despised and shunn'd him now.

He crossed the heath—he sought the moor,
Where oft his steps had trod before.
None now came forth the youth to meet,
No friendly face turned round to greet,—
And even Norah pass'd him by,
With alter'd look, and head awry ;
This seemed the last he e'er could feel,
His blood froze up, his heart turned steel.
With madden'd thoughts he sought his home,
One being still he knew would come
To welcome him with heart and soul,
And to the door he softly stole.
He listened, but could hear no sound,
A deathlike stillness hover'd round :
He shudder'd, and unlatched the door,
When, stretched upon the cold brick floor,
His mother lay !—her only bed
A heap of straw. No taper shed

Its rays around the darken'd room,
And all was deep and sullen gloom.

No word escaped his parching tongue,
No tear upon his eyelids hung,—
Wildly he pressed his burning head,
And gazed in silence on the dead ;
For all that now remained on earth
Of her who nursed and gave him birth,
On the cold ground before him lay,
A livid, wither'd, lump of clay ;
And as he gazed, o'er his dark soul
A new and strange sensation stole,
'Twas madness !—"Here's no peace," he said,
"But there is peace among the dead,
"And thou my mother now art free,
"I'll hasten then and come to thee."

No further spoke the sad lost man,
But forth with eager haste he ran,
Nor stopped his burning brow to cool,
Until he stood beside the pool.
A leap,—a plunge,—and all was o'er,
He struggling sunk to rise no more !

And who, how wise soe'er, can know
What future waits this child of woe ?
Ours is a dark mysterious state ;
None can unclothe the book of fate.
The good in this misjudging world
Are often to distraction hurl'd,

Whilst those with thousand crimes oppress'd
Appear to be supremely blest.

Then, let us trust that woe to man is given,
 For some wise purpose by all-seeing heaven ;
 And meekly kiss the salutary rod,
 With hope, and trust, and confidence in GOD.



EVENING SONG OF SPRING.

Softly blows the evening breeze,
 Gently flows the gliding river,
 Wild birds warble in the trees,
 Nature's songsters charming ever.

The setting sun, with golden ray,
 On grove and mead is sweetly gleaming,
 Gilding all the flowers of May,
 Which brightly now around are beaming.

Earth seems wrapp'd in purest joy,
 Then banish far all gloom and sadness ;
 Nature's pleasures never cloy,
 But fill the soul with pleasing gladness.

Then let the good and virtuous now
 Enjoy the bliss for them intended,
 And banish care from every brow,
 Life's flowers will bloom till life is ended.

LAY OF AN ISOLATED ONE.

With heavy cloud upon my brow,
In sadest mood I rove ;
There's no one left to love me now,
And nothing left to love.

Dim is the light of youthful hours,
Kind friends have all departed,
The joys of life have lost their powers,
And I am broken hearted.

The bird, which from the schoolboy rude,
I bought, unfledged, to save,
And softest bed, and tenderest food,
The little nestling gave.

Through chilling winter's darksome days,
When snow was in the air,
Repaid me with the sweetest lays,
For all my gentle care.

But when the spring, with sun and showers,
To brighter days gave birth,
And scattered freely buds and flowers,
O'er all the teeming earth.

He sought the far off sunny mead,
No more I heard his lay,
Of me he felt no longer need,
And thus he flew away.

My fawn I loved, a fairy thing,
That trotted by my side,
And round, in many a lightsome spring,
Its agile gambols tried.

When pass'd away but one short year,
It ceased with me to stray,
'Twas false—like many a petted dear—
And bounded far away.

My dog, whose life in faith was passed,
Astray was never led,
His love was faithful to the last,
But he, alas—is dead.

With heavy cloud upon my brow,
In deep despair I rove,
There's no one left to love me now,
And nothing left to love.

GOD'S KIND CARE FOR ALL.

'Tis winter, and sweeping o'er mountain and rock,
 The wind visits all in its course with a shock,
 The chilling snow beats, and the pelting rain drives ;
 Birds creep to their shelter, and bees to their hives.
 Not a leaflet adorns the tall dark waving trees,
 And vainly we look for the gentle spring breeze.
 How cold and how comfortless all seems around,
 There is sleet in the air and snow on the ground ;
 But God, in his infinite wisdom and love,
 Looks down from his heaven of mercy and love,
 And gives suitable shelter to man and to beast,—
 To the hungry one food—to the weary one rest.
 He kindly provideth for great and for small,—
 In his bountiful goodness he careth for all.



AGE.

As alone by his fireside poor Raymond was sitting,
 Reclined in his arm chair, forsaken, forlorn,
 The scenes of his life o'er his fancy were flitting,
 And he wept as he thought on his youth's early morn.

A tear of regret down his pale cheek was stealing,
 And sorrow was legibly marked on his brow ;
 His white locks the progress of time were revealing,
 And his sad heavy heart was o'erflowing with woe.

He bitterly sighed, while in sentences broken,

He murmured, "Oh, where are those shadows all gone.
That I once hailed with joy, as of bliss a bright token ?

Alas ! with that bliss and my hopes they are flown.

And where are those friends I once tenderly cherished,

Whose kindness made life like a smooth river flow ;
The wife of my bosom,—each warm heart has perished ;
All, all now have left me,—yes ! all are laid low.

My children, as dear as the life-blood that warmed me,

Once fondly I hoped would sooth life's latest day ;
Sweet hopes that in earlier days often charmed me,
Like dreams of the morning have faded away.

All—all that I loved, in the grave now are sleeping,—

I've seen one by one each companion depart ;
I have felt the cold hand of old age slowly creeping,
And to feel it thus lonely has broken my heart.

Then come, gentle slumber of death, now steal o'er me,—

Waft me also where my bright visions are flown ;
And let me once more behold those gone before me,—
" Oh ! who can inhabit this bleak world alone ?"

FRIENDSHIP.

In this great world of grief and woe,
Where naught but thorns infest the ground ;
Few are the joys our hearts can know,
Save those which friendship spreads around.

When fortune frowns and proves unkind,
And with a load of cares we bend ;
Oh, what a sweet relief we find,
The bosom of a faithful friend.

How lonely and forlorn is he
Who neither love nor friendship knows ;
How gloomy all his thoughts must be,—
How cold alike to friends and foes.

No generous passions warm his heart,
No glowing virtues sooth his mind ;
No aid would he to woe impart,—
Gloomy, unfeeling and unkind.

THE OMNIPRESENT.

“GOD IS AN INFINITE BEING : HE IS PRESENT EVERYWHERE.”

In every blade of grass that grows,
In every beauteous flower that blows,
 Our God is seen ;
His voice is in each gentle breeze,
His smile on all the blooming trees
 That deck the green.

His breath is in each perfumed flower,
His kindness in each gentle shower
 That falls on earth ;
To every sound that cheers the grove
With harmony and peace and love,
 His hand gives birth.

On every thing, in every place,
The image of our God we trace,
 His goodness prove :
Then let each wondrous work be praised,
And gratefully each heart be raised
 To heaven above.

DREAMS.

What are ye ? ye visions—ye spells of the night,
That darkness profound can illumine ?
Are ye sunshine from heaven—sent our darkness to light—
To chase away sorrow and gloom ?

Yes—yes—for when sleep's heavy chain hath fast bound
My soul's narrow prison of clay,
My spirit, unshackled, in freedom can bound,
Released from the thralldom of day.

Though the morn bring me bitterness, sorrow and care,—
Though through day I in sadness may be,
And my brow the deep furrow of anguish may wear,
In the hours of the night I am free.

Then all the dear faces that smiled on my youth,—
The fond ones—the loved ones I greet :
“ All that's holy in love—all that's lovely in truth,”
With joyfulness then I can meet.

Then come, ye soft spells, loose the shackles of day,
Spread before me dear scenes such as these,
Bind faster this dull heavy prison of clay,
And my soul with bright visions thus please.

LINES WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY TOWN.

Hail, lovely spot ! Where peace lives undisturbed,
And beauty dwells in each surrounding scene.
I love to linger in thy quiet streets,
Noting thy kind inhabitants, whose smiles
Bespeak hearts pure, and fraught with happiness.

No haughty looks of self-approving scorn,
No signs of would-be greatness intervene,
To ruffle or disturb the general union.
Here trade and husbandry go hand in hand,
And render all one scene of social bliss.

“ Nor are thy landscapes less inviting.”
Soft o’er thy fertile cultivated plains
The hand of beauty sheds her liveliest tints.

The flowery fields, the meadows richly green,
Through which the winding river sweetly glides,
And murmurs gently as it flows along,—
The rising hills—the widely spreading vales—
Conspire to raise sensations of delight,
Of peace—of admiration—and of love.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

Oh, sweet to me the blush of morn,
And sweet the richly perfumed air ;
Sweet is the lovely blossomed thorn,
But sweeter still the hour of prayer.

It lifts my thoughts from man to God ;
It brings remembrance back of those
Who sleep beneath the mould'ring sod,
Released from care in soft repose.

And when I breathe the fervent prayer,
From earth my spirit seems to sped ;
And, freed from worldly thought and care,
Holds commune with the happy dead.

Oh, dear to me the solemn sound
Of closing evening's vesper bell ;
It fills the mind with thoughts profound,
Spreads round the heart a holy spell.

Oh, sweet to me the blush of morn,
And sweet the richly perfumed air,
Sweet is the lovely blossomed thorn,
But sweeter still the hour of prayer.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE PIG.

A FABLE.

Once on a time, so goes the tale,
 Within a little peaceful vale,
 There lived a pig of some renown,
 Much polished, though not near a town ;
 Full of himself as pig could be,
 Aspiring, but a debauchéé.
 And when quite young was fain to vaunt
 Of brilliant parts, as pigs are wont ;
 He every morning swilled his hide,
 And in appearance took much pride.
 Then o'er the fields and meadows round,
 With stately step and look profound,
 He'd wander forth and crop the flowers,
 Enjoy the sunbeams and the showers.
 So pass the day 'till evening close,
 Then on the softest grass repose.

It chanced one gentle summer's night,
 When earth was dressed in silver light,
 And stars were glittering in the sky,
 And softest breezes fluttered by,
 A nightingale, with dulcet sound,
 Awoke the slumbering echoes round ;
 And as the soft hours rolled along,
 Poured forth her sweet melodious song ;
 The pig, in sentimental mind,
 To love and listen felt inclined ;

Till quite enchanted with her song,
 Near her he lingered all day long ;
 And when each shade of gray was gone,
 And morn her living light put on,
 Towards the bower he gently press'd,
 Where Philomel had sunk to rest,
 And gazed, in admiration deep,
 Upon the songster in her sleep ;
 Nor moved he till noon's sultry hour
 Spread forth its beams on tree and flower,
 And sounds of busy day were heard,
 Which roused the gently slumbering bird.

Away, away from tree to tree,
 With fairy lightness, full of glee,
 Free as the wind, she fluttered round,
 Swam through the air or swept the ground,
 Till eve once more her curtains drew,
 And sprinkled earth with chrystal dew ;
 And then the light and happy bird
 Regained her bower. Once more was heard
 In softly modulated strain,
 The nightly song o'er dell and plain.
 Again the lovesick hog drew nigh,
 And with a fond, a deep drawn sigh,
 In language feigned his suit preferred,
 And thus addressed the tuneful bird :—

“ Oh, loveliest songster of the vale,
 Deign but to listen to my tale ;
 For thee I pine—for thee I burn,—
 Oh, grant my love a kind return ;

For my warm panting bosom bears
 A heart which loftiest pleasure shares ;
 And, spite of nature too, my mind
 Soars far above my groveling kind.
 Oh, condescend to be my wife,
 And I through every change of life
 Will watchful, fond, and faithful be,
 Affectionate and kind to thee.
 With choicest food thy bower I'll fill,
 And lead thee to the clearest rill ;
 Thy slave through all the live day long,
 At night a listener to thy song.
 Then say, dear bird, wilt thou be mine,
 Break not a heart so truly thine."

At first the bird, like bashful maid,
 Was distant, shy, and seemed afraid.
 What more he said—what more he did,
 Must in oblivion now be hid ;
 But ultimately—conquering strife—
 The pig and bird were man and wife.

'Twas well enough while things were new,
 But Mr. Hog soon careless grew ;
 Forgetting what fine things he'd said,
 With all the promises he'd made.
 And as by early habits trained,
 In mire and dirt he still remained
 The same ; and soon, by instinct led,
 From every sylvan scene he fled,—
 The fields and flowers he left behind,
 And herded only with his kind.

With bitter grief the astonished wife
 Soon found herself a slave for life :
 Still she exerted all her power,
 To render sweet her woodland bower ;
 Tried every means her spouse to please,
 Pictured a life of bliss and ease,
 And fondly soothed him all day long ;
 Tried reason's power—tried sweetest song—
 But saw 'twas useless, and grew mute,—
 For who can reason with a brute ?
 So gentle and so mild was she,—
 So rough, so brutalized was he,
 In stuffing morning, noon and night,—
 To eat and drink all his delight,
 And, with companions like himself,
 He grew a beastly sottish elf,
 For ever rolling in the mire,
 With language foul in bitter ire.
 Blaspheming ever, still in strife,
 Abusing all, but most his wife.

The fated nightingale grew sad,
 And pined, though all around was glad ;
 She sighed, with aching heart, to be
 As erst, unshackled, wild and free.
 How ardently she longed to fly,
 And skim again the clear blue sky,—
 To gain once more her native bower,
 And taste the sweets of mead and flower ;
 But firm was tied old Hymen's knot,
 Fluttering and struggling mattered not,—

It never made her woes the lighter,
 And only pulled the noose still tighter.
 No soft companion of her kind,
 Was ever near to sooth her mind ;
 All—all had flown—affrighted by
 The growling hog's brutality,
 At each complaint the songster uttered.
 Pig only grunted, kicked and sputtered.
 Quickly the gentle creature's song
 Was hushed, and as time rolled along,
 She grieved alone, unseen, unheard,
 A drooping solitary bird.
 But soon the welcome hand of death
 Received her last faint parting breath ;
 Like shadows at the close of day,
 She sickened, faded, pass'd away.

MORAL.

Ye gentle maids, who now regard
 A single state as very hard,
 And with a husband hope to find
 More bliss of heart, more peace of mind,
 Be cautious how you choose a mate—
 Scan well to whom you link your fate :
 Avoid the strutting, whiskered elf,
 Who blusters and extols himself,
 Who visits inns each night, and swears ;
 Love's eating, drinking, and cigars ;
 Or to repent you'll never fail,—
 Be wise,—think of the nightingale.

THE FRIENDS I LOVE.

Oh, give me but the friends I love,
Affection's fond endearing smile ;
Then hill, or dale, or lawn or grove,
Or flowery bank, or moss-grown stile,
May form in turn my place of rest,
Content would still dwell in my breast.

Though skies may smile above my head,
In azure decked and gem'd in stars ;
Though flowers beneath my feet are spread,
And earth a smile of beauty wears,
Yet my fond heart will ache with care
If kindred spirits be not there.

I love the trees, I love the flowers,
And every plant which decks the fields,
I love the sunshine and the showers,
And every beauty nature yields :
Yet vain are all—my soul will pine
If friendship's blessings are not mine.

“WHY ART THOU CAST DOWN, O MY SOUL? AND WHY ART
THOU DISQUIETED WITHIN ME? HOPE THOU IN GOD.”
42ND PSALM, 5TH VERSE.

Why, Oh ! my soul, why droonest thou
Beneath thy earthly load ?
Why art thou so disquiet now,
Though heaviest sorrows goad ?

Oh ! heed them not, for help is nigh,
Thy God is ever near.
Rise, Oh ! my soul, look up on high,
And cast away thy fear.

Though heaviest billows o'er thee roll,
And threaten death around,
Yet, be thou comforted my soul,
Kind succour can be found.

Though deepest horrors thou can'st see,
And keen affliction's rod
Oppress and wound and torture thee,
Still hope thou in thy God.

THE POOR ITALIAN BOY.

He stands before me, a poor houseless child ;
 The weak, the unprotected and the lost,
 With such a meaning, gentle, quiet look,
 Enough to move the most unfeeling heart.

Without a friend—without a home—he leaves
 His native soil, and seeks on England's shores
 A scanty livelihood ; unshared his joys,—
 Unwept his sorrows ! Lonely he wanders.

Each morn when daylight softly breaks and steals
 Upon his opening eyes—tear-fraught, yet bright,
 He leaves his pallet sorrowing,—sad his heart ;
 For sad the heart must ever be that pines
 In solitude. He knows not where to gain
 One bit of bread to satisfy the call
 Of pinching hunger. Still, there he stands,
 And with a melancholy smile sets forth
 Three little shivering mice. Though not a word
 Breaks from his trembling lips, he *seems* to say,
 With truly pitying look,—“ Ah, me ! Lost being !”
 “ Where shall I turn my steps ? Which way proceed ?
 “ Alas ! it matters not. The whole wide world
 “ A barren wilderness alone appears,
 “ Intricate, wild, and overspread with thorns.
 “ No mother ever watched my youthful steps,
 “ No father ever blessed me with his gentle care,
 “ Since infancy's unconscious happy years :

“ I lost them e’er I learned to know their value,
 “ But soon their loss proclaimed it to my heart,
 “ When every other friend abandoned me,
 “ And I was cast upon the world, as now,—
 “ A poor, forlorn, unknown, forsaken boy !”



“ NAKED I CAME OUT OF MY MOTHER’S WOMB, AND NAKED
 SHALL I RETURN TITHER. THE LORD GAVE, AND THE
 LORD HATH TAKEN AWAY : BLESSED BE THE NAME OF
 THE LORD.”—JOB, 1ST CHAP. 21ST VERSE.

Why should I grieve at fortune’s frown,
 Or that my early friends are flown,
 What matter if on this lone earth,
 I’m poor and naked as at birth.
 What though no home is mine to boast,
 And every hope and wish is crossed ;
 Yet there is comfort still to know
 I shall not long remain below :
 God hath prepared a better home,
 Where sad bereavements never come,
 Where care ne’er racks the human breast,
 And where the weary head finds rest.
 God never christian lot forsakes,—
 ’Tis he who gives and he who takes.
 Then let me never more lament,
 But be with God’s decrees content.

SUN-RISE.

'Tis morning! Listen! Through the ambient air
The waking sounds of distant day are heard,
A busy murmuring from all-anxious care,
And still faint sounds of many a waking bird.

See first the region of the eastern heaven,
Clothed in Aurora's beauteous purple robe,
And crimson clouds aside are gently driven,
And the all-glorious sun lights up the world.

Around him streaks of purple light he throws
Surpassing all that human art can frame,
The softened tints of violet and rose
Are soon succeeded by day's glaring flame.

The whole horizon beams with glorious light,
And every thing with joy and bliss seems rife,
The feathered tribes awaking take their flight,
And insect thousands seem to feel new life.

The playful lambkins gambol o'er the green,
The merry lark on soaring wing pours forth
Fair nature's simplest strains,—the morning queen,
And every grove seems wakened into mirth.

Oh, may the asperations of my soul
Be raised to God, and high my prayers ascend;
Adoring him by whose allwise control,
Stern nature's laws can with such beauty blend.

•

ALL THINGS PASS AWAY.

In morning's life I hailed the flowers
That glittered in my sunny path ;
And smiled as passed the golden hours,
Which youth in all its freshness hath.

But soon a blight came sweeping o'er,
And on its wings brought sad decay :
The drooping flowers now bloomed no more,
But withered, leaf by leaf, away.

I saw two little parent wrens
Construct their nicely fashion'd nest,
With moss from off the neighbouring fens,
Wherein their callow young might rest.

A little chirping brood they came,
And filled the parents' hearts with glee,
All anxiously they fed the same,
And joyous hopped from tree to tree.

A group of school-boys, wandering by,
With eager gladness snatched the prize,
Unheedful of the parent's cry,
Nor let one pitying thought arise.

I saw a little smiling child
At play before its parents' door ;
All flushed with ruddy health it smiled,
And blooming looks of joy it wore.

But pallid sickness bow'd its head,
 And made its little bosom heave,
 And soon it lay, all cold and dead,
 Within the dark and silent grave.

Thus all things pass away ;
 There's nothing on the earth can last :
 Ambition's bulwarks all decay,—
 Even *Time* itself is fading fast.



NINE VERSES OF THE NINETEENTH CHAPTER OF CORINTHIANS.

Though I with angel eloquence may speak,
 And tongues of wisest men my language form,
 If *charity* be not the end I seek,
 My words are but a noisy senseless storm ;
 As sounding brass, or tinkling cymbal's note,
 My speech upon the empty air will float.

What though the gift of prophecy be mine,
 And all the knowledge ancient lore can give ;
 Though I have power all mysteries to define,
 And faith-removing mountains to achieve,
 Without sweet charity all this is nought,—
 Still I am nothing, useless, vain, untaught.

And though to feed the poor I freely give
 Each part of wordly goods that may be mine,
 And to the flames commit me while I live,
 And every hope and prospect here resign,
 Yet, without *charity*, all this is nought,—
 All emptiness, and with no profit wrought.

Charity long suffereth and is kind,
 It envieth not,—it vaunteth not itself,—
 Is not puffed up,—and ne'er behaves unkind,—
 Nor compromises wickedness for pelf:
 Is slow to anger,—slow to harbour sin,
 Sees nought of evil out—is pure within.

In no downfall can charity rejoice ;
 It beareth all things patiently and well ;
 Truth dwells with music in her heavenly voice ;
 She doth of hope through long endurance tell ;
 Is ever willing to assist a friend ;
 Endureth all things—hoping to the end.

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